THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR. | THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. | OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 6, NO. 36. | RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1860. | WHOLE NUMBER 630.

Poetical.

MY BOY.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Ah, winter days, but not so cold, so cold!
And if my little houseless boy you see,
Quilt all your iron shadows thick with gold,
And lap them round him—he is all to me.

Oh, winter winds, if ever as you blow,
You find, in some wild place apart from joy,
A shining head, with curls along the snow,
Soften your rough voice—that will be my boy!

Oh, happy mothers! while you watch at night
The bright blaze making all the wide room gay,
Keep on some upper floor a light—
My poor, lost child may chance to pass that way!

And if, when all without is blind with gloom—
Among your boys and girls, alive with joy,
A little white face peer—make room, make room,
Between their red cheeks—that will be my boy!

False witnesses to prison may have lied
My pretty lamb—oh, warden! if you see
One strange to wrong, and ready to divide
His slice—nay, give it all, why that is he!

Loose from his tender limbs the cruel bands—
Even though he sinned, shall that my love destroy?
Here to your chains I give my old, rough hand,
To prison, to death will I, to save my boy!

Miscellaneous.

☞A paper in the Atlantic Monthly on the nomenclature of American localities contains a good deal of information, more curious than important. Here is a bit:

"Walk up, gentlemen! Here you have the top-crest of the great wave of civilization. Here is a people, emancipated from Old World trammels, setting the world a lesson. What is the result? With the grand divisions of our land we have not had much to do. Of the States, seventeen were baptized by their Indian appellations; four were named by French and Spanish discoverers; six were called after European sovereigns; three, which bear the prefix of New, have the names of English counties;—there remains Delaware, the title of an English nobleman, leaving us Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Rhode Island, three precious bits of modern classicality. Let us now come to the counties. Ten years ago there were some fifteen hundred and fifty-five of these. One hundred and seventy-three bear Indian names; and there are one or two uncertain. For these fifteen hundred and fifty-five counties there are eight hundred and eighty eight names, almost one to every two. Seven hundred are, then, of Anglo-Saxon bestowing! No. Another hundred are of Spanish origin. Six hundred county names remain; fifty of which, neat as imported, are the names of English places, and fifty more are names bestowed in compliment to English peers. Five hundred are the American residuum."

A Large Throat.

A young gentleman of the South, who had expended a large fortune, money, land, negroes, everything, in a course of intemperance and profligacy, was one day, just after he had paid a last year's grog bill of $900, walking in the streets leisurely, when, seeing a physician on the opposite side, he called out to him to come over.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you'd just take a look down my throat."

"I don't discover anything, sir," said the doctor, after looking very carefully.

"You don't!" said he; "why, strange!—Will you be kind enough to give it another examination?"

"Really, sir," said the doctor, after a second look, "I don't see anything."

"No! Why, doctor, there has a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes, gone down there."

Hugh Miller.

When employed as a mason, it was usual for his fellow workmen to have occasional treats of drink, and one day two glasses of whiskey fell to his share, which he swallowed. When he reached home, he found, on opening his favorite book—Bacon's Essays—that the letters danced before his eyes—he could no longer master the sense. "The condition" he says, "to which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk by my own act, for the time to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed, and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage, and with God's help, I was enabled to hold by the determination.

Names.

The habit of burthening children with three or four given names has often caused us to smile with contempt and ridicule.—What can sound so stupid and foolish as to call a little dirty urchin, 'Come here, Alexander Joseph Washington Johnson, and get your supper'—or 'Caroline Matilda Sophronia Smith, it is time for you to be at the factory." It reminds us of a tale we once read of a man in Spain, who accidentally fell into a bog. The fellow bawled out lustily, and a peasant within hearing opened his window—it was a dark night—and inquired what was the matter? 'Pray, help,' said the sufferer, 'for Joseph Francisco Dominico Ferdinando Sabastiani is in the quagmire. 'Is that all?' said the peasant: 'if you are such a set of lazy rascals that you wont help one another out, you may lie there and be d—d.'

Andravi.

BY W. C. EATON.

Far up among the frozen heights of the Alps, their homeward pathway, lit up by the declining sun, a band of hunters were making their perilous descent; now threading, with practiced steps, the precipitous defiles, which would have bewildered and appalled an unaccustomed traveler, and now leaping with precise and energetic bounds, enormous gorges which yawned between the mountain sides, and where one careless step might have sent them instantly to the deep doom below. Yet, familiar with these passes from boyhood, and with eyes and limbs as expert as the chamois which they chased, the hearty peasants made the echoes merry with their laughter; and ever and anon wound their horns, till the music was reverberated from a thousand peaks, and, piercing to the valley below, gave pleasing signal to their expectant families that they were coming.

As thus in single file they proceeded, and just as they achieved a long and steep ascent, a shout of surprise from the foremost assembled his companions at his side, when they beheld, deeply imbedded in a huge snow drift, the dark figure of a richly dressed stranger—evidently not a native of these hills.

"He has fallen from some height above us," exclaimed one, "the least of them not less than two hundred feet, and if he is not lifeless from the swiftness of such a deep fall, it is a miracle."

Cautiously venturing from their path across the snow, to the place where lay the body, two of the hunters knelt down, and after a brief examination, pronounced the man still alive, but insensible—the soft snow upon which he had providentially fallen, having saved his body from being dashed

"He has dug his own grave, but did not choose to die in it," said one of the hunters.

"Let us see what a little *eau de vie* will do for him!" said one, and withdrawing a flask from his breast, he applied it to the lips of the stranger, while others now rubbed his wrists and temples.

The man soon opened his eyes, and became strong enough to stand; but his glance was a vacant and unmeaning one. To all questions, he simply muttered the word "Andravi," and pointed, with tremulous finger, to the dread height from which he had fallen.

"He is either a mute, lunatic or simpleton," was the conclusion of his preservers. "Perhaps the fall has unsettled his reason, and no wonder. But let us away, or we may need aid ourselves, for the sun is nearly down."

Lifting the stranger along over their irregular and still dangerous road, they left the spot and ere long arrived at the nearest home among the mountains, where the stranger was provided with refreshments and a couch by the hospitality of the humble occupants; and the others separated for their respective dwellings.

Sleep and kind care soon restored Andravi, for such was his name, but whether his infirmity of mind was natural, or the result of his fall, the shock and the fright—certain it was that but few words could be elicited from him and these were not coherent. His mind was wandering and imbecile; and as he could not give any indication as to where his home was, or had been, and was now comparatively helpless, he was suffered to remain among these mountain homes, to do what he could learn to do, in return for the protection afforded him; and he soon became widely known among the mountaineers by the undignified soubriquet of "Le Fou," or the Idiot.

Yet Andravi was treated by all with a certain respect, growing out of the surmise that the rich dress in which he had been found indicated that he must have been a person of some rank or riches in his own country; and then misfortune, when undeserved, always appeals to the human sympathy. And more than all this, Andravi, finally becoming familiar with the mountain paths, and also evincing the possession of remarkable strength, daring and agility, after having bided for a year in those lofty fastnesses of snow and ice, learned sufficiently to become a professional guide to travelers; and whenever any journey of that kind, requiring especial skill and fortitude, was to be undertaken, it was sure to be intrusted to the hardy frame and practised instinct of the intrepid, though generally mute and otherwise idiotic Andravi.

His quietude, his usefulness in his adopted calling, and his child-like devotion to those who had been thus kind to him, made the Idiot of the Alps universally regarded, and many a prayer went up, from rude but honest hearts, among those frozen regions, that the All-Seeing Eye might watch over and protect, and some day restore him to reason and home.

But still for years he dwelt there, and none knew who he was or whence he came. Yet, as year after year rolled by, men learned to look upon him with a sort of awe, as one especially guarded by Providence; since he underwent such risks in the most furious Alpine storms, in the deepest darkness, reckless of the impending avalanches, the most icy and precipitous steeps, the most impending torrents, or the most treacherous snows. His self reliance, his adventures, his escapes, like his looks and manner, seemed unnatural; and the Idiot of the Alps was the standing theme of many a thrilling tale of mountain life.

Once while guiding a small party of enthusiastic tourists through an almost inaccessible and seldom attempted region, while the travelers were felicitating themselves on achieving such a height, and beholding its sublimity, a lady of the party, venturing near the dizzy brink of a stupendous glacier, dropped a costly necklace, which fell over the edge far into the icy and perpendicular chasm beneath. Her cry of regret was heard and understood by Andravi, who was instantly at her side, and despite the urgent remonstrances of all, he made signs that he would descend and recover the lost article; and fastening one end of a strong coil to a hunter's pole he bore, and which he buried firmly in the ice above, he rapidly descended the fearful gulf.

"The man is an idiot, and we are idiots to let him do this fool-hardy feat!" exclaimed one, as breathlessly they gazed on their guide's descent. "Should his hands fail him, or the rope break, he would be lost, and we too—for we could neither advance nor retrace our way."

At that moment, the sharp twang of the cord and the cry of horror from above, announced that the line had indeed been parted, and with faces of dismay, they beheld Andravi fall a few yards beyond the end of the dangling rope, the remaining portion still in his clutch. It was a sight of terror, but relieved in part by their beholding him frantically grasp at a stunted tree which projected from a rock, in his descent, and contrived to maintain his hold for awhile, but this delay was brief; his gripe relaxed, and he fell again—into the snowy vale below!

From the height which his spectators were, and owing to the dazzling effect of the snow, it was impossible to judge of the distance between the tree and the spot upon which he had fallen; and they strained their despairing eyes after him, at the imminent peril of their own footing, to watch if the too zealous Idiot should move again, or remain dead where he fell.

To their joy, he arose at once, and without looking up, as though his mischance were of common occurrence or of no particular importance, they saw him search the snow around him for the necklace for which he had ventured so much. Soon they saw him stoop, and a faint ejeculation which ascended, intimated that he had found it.

But now the wonder was how he was to ascend again. No path was visible on any hand, and the rope was swinging high beyond the tree.

Clasping the chain about his own neck, and drawing a knife from his belt, Andravi began to ascend the rugged wall, with the aid of the weapon—cutting as he ascended, step by step, here and there, in ice or earthly crevice, a temporary hold for hand or foot, until, by painfully protracted efforts, which exhibited iron endurance as well as a dauntless heart, he had elevated himself high enough to admit of tying the broken end of the rope around his waist; and from that perilous position, between heaven and earth, he was now drawn up by the overjoyed and amazed party above.

Long were the praises and congratulations which greeted the Idiot, as he stood once more in safety among them; and as he flung himself upon the rock to rest awhile, and held out the necklace with a grim smile, its fair owner refused to receive it.

"No, keep it as a trophy of your heroism, brave fellow!" she cried. "It is valuable; but poor return for the hazard and labor you underwent, and the wonderful courage you have shown."

Guiding the travelers safely to their next point of destination, and receiving other substantial tokens of their admiration, Andravi returned home, where the fame of his exploit soon followed him—an illustration of many similar acts, which, during the ten years of his adventurous life among the Alps, made the Idiot's name illustrious among the mountaineers, and himself an object of curiosity to travelers.

Yet, although there arrived, from all climes, people of many ranks, none ever came who seemed to know aught of his previous history, or who could solve the mystery which hung about him.

To all, he was the same quiet, listless, unintelligible creature, as a guide, but generally mute and incoherent—save in his acts as an Alpine pioneer—and towards the humble inhabitants of the district where he first had been found, and where he continued to reside.

The rewards he received from travelers, he distributed, as if by instinctive gratitude, to the neighbors who treated him so kindly; clinging to them and to that mountain region, with a majestic attachment, which bound them to him the more, and made him seem a sort of spirit of the spot, by whose side no peril could befall.

Sometimes, with but a scant supply of food, he would be absent for days together, and when tracked and found by his footprints in the snow, he would be heard mumbling to himself, or absorbed in contemplation of some lofty mountain-way, as if he expected the promised approach of some one.

But this mode of life was soon to have an end.

As wild a storm as ever heaped an avalanche, filled a deceitful valley, or buried a blind traveler, burst upon the mountains one afternoon, and whirled and whistled through their dismal gorges in frightful fury and bewildering turmoil. Andravi went forth, for such times he seemed to love.

Beneath a snowy cliff, from whose ever hoary sides a series of many mountain-paths was visible—night not yet having added to the terrors of the tempest—Andravi took his stand; nor had he waited long before he saw a muffled traveler approaching, toiling through the snow toward him.

The Idiot remained motionless and mute, and the stranger stared at the statue-like form as he advanced, and announced that he had lost his way.

"Guide me, if you can, man. I'm wealthy, and will reward you amply. You seem to doubt; but the name of Adrian Loretti carries belief with it in his own country.—Why do you stare so? Speak to me."

A frantic shriek, and a tiger-like leap upon the stranger, was the answer of Andravi, who bore the struggler fiercely to the ground, while his cry was echoed from every gorge and hill around.

But, if the Idiot was agile, the stranger was no less so; and though taken by surprise, as he fell he drew a pistol, and instantly discharged it at the head of his wild-looking assailant.

The ball whistled harmlessly by, and the surer weapon of the Idiot's grasp, was employed to as deadly a purpose. The stranger felt that he was being dragged to the very edge of the precipice!

The desperation of intense fear lent him strength to resist, but in vain for his own preservation. Slowly the struggling twain neared the horrid brink, till they stood upon its direct verge, when despairing of future attempts to save himself, Adrian Loretti fastened with vice-like grip upon the belt of his adversary, whose last reckless effort precipitated both into the dreaded gulf together!

But they were not yet to die. A shelf intervened, at a short distance, between them and the uttermost chasm, and here, bruised, but not stunned, the struggle was continued.

"Who are you? Ruffian!—robber—you need not murder me. I will give you all I have. But release me here." was the hoarse expostulation of Loretti, as soon as he could speak.

But the iron knee of the Idiot was upon his panting chest, and the fall on the occasion had wrought a magic change upon his reason; if not on his purpose. That reason had returned as unclouded as ever! and now while retaining the advantage he had acquired, he looked into the face of his prostrate foe, and spoke to him in tones, fearful, but well remembered.

"Adrian Loretti, behold in me the friend you sought to murder. This is I, Alonzo Andravi! Ay, shrink, murderous traitor, for this is your death hour, and the tomb is impatient to receive you. What had I done, O, falsest of friends, that you should hurl me from the mountain pass, even as now I shall you? What from me but too much kindness, had you received, what but wealth and fair equality of companionship—exalting you, as I did, from poverty and friendliness? O viper! how I treated you, how I trusted you, to find, on that last journey, you meant it indeed to be our last. What act was yours, when knowing yourself to be my heir, no kindred living to dispute my kindness, you hurled me, as you thought, into the cold abyss of death? Till now, it has seemed to me but a dream—both what you did, and what God has done for me. A weight since then has been upon my brain. A spell has bound me to these regions.—The memory of all that went before was lost to me, and set my reason free. Strive not, slave, traitor, child! your efforts are in vain. Die! Thus I fling you to the death you designed for me!"

Even as he spoke, and while the first words of a half-formed prayer were upon the lips of the struggling Loretti, Andravi loosened his victim's hold with a giant blow, and then cast him to the white eternity below!

The sharp scream of the falling man ascended to the ears of his destroyer some seconds before his body fell upon the icy rocks a hundred fathoms down. The dull sound reached Andravi's hearing, and self-avenged, his reason restored, like one awakened from a long dream, he turned away by a winding path, and was soon at his mountain home again.

Those who are familiar with the phenomenon of insanity, in its innumerable phases, pronounce that the causes and cures of minds distraught are often wonderful and unaccountable; nor, to such judges, will this sudden imbecility, and its as sudden disappearance, as narrated, seem improbable in nature—conversant as they are with far more remarkable cases, to be found in melancholy histories of the insane. An avenging Providence might have implanted a mystic instinct in the mind of the Idiot, to bind him to those cheerless regions till the hour of retribution; or the simple gratitude of his reason might have detained him among his preservers, to become his restoration and revenge.

Whatever the causes, Andravi soon amazed his Alpine neighbors with his true history; and their verdict upon the justice of his tragic deed was mingled with but one regret—the regret of parting with him.

The parting soon took place, though not forever; for having regained possession of the ample estates to which he made the false friend the heir, Andravi often visited the mountain scenes of his madness, his exploits, and his revenge, and he did much for the lasting comforts of the friends of that period of his life. And to this day are remembered, in admiring tradition, the brave deeds and benefactions of the Idiot of the Alps.

☞Parents-in-law are naturally quarrelsome, from the fact that they have *joined issue* with each other.—*Boston Post.*

☞How to make people acknowledge the corn—tread on their toes!

Snuff Dipping.

Comparatively few in this section have personal knowledge of the habit of "snuff dipping," as known and practiced in the South; and in the words of the universal query now so conspicuously posted about the city, it may be eagerly asked, "What is it?" But curiosity to learn can only be gratified by revelations nauseating to persons of refined sensibilities; and inasmuch as it is practiced exclusively by females—ladies often—courtesy to the sex might forbid an exposure of their failings, were it not that good may possibly grow out of it Suffice it to say, that no other of the many forms in which tobacco is used, is half so disgusting as snuff dipping; no appetite so unnatural, and no taste so repugnant to that native refinement which graces female character. Yet it is true that the practice prevails to a greater or less extent among all classes of females throughout the State of North Carolina, and in portions of Virginia, Alabama, and several other Southern States—in the parlor, on the public conveyances, on the promenade, at social gatherings, and in daily domestic duties. On all occasions, the indispensable box and mop, or bottle and swab, are present, and constantly active, drawn from the pocket for private use, or passed to present company by way of etiquette. The habit is most common among the uneducated and poorer classes; yet, the moistened mop is often dipped into the snuff by the white and jeweled fingers, and thence dripping with the filthy mixture, passed to dainty mouths, and vigorously applied to the gums and lips, until all daubed and stained, they would repel with instinctive disgust, the approach of other lips that before would have thought them loveable. And frequently one mop suffices for several different mouths! This mop or swab is sometimes a simple brush, but usually a pine stick softened at the end; and it is a fact no less true than what else is herein stated, that the negresses drive a profitable business by the manufacture of these articles, which they fit for use by chewing the ends of the sticks into a proper consistency, and selling them to customers.

There are genteel tobacco chewers—that is, as neat as a filthy practice will permit; not using the weed slovenly, spitting at random and driveling at the lips, but by a careful disposition of the quid almost disguising its presence and their habit. So, also, are there ladies who dip snuff genteelly—who by practice have acquired a dexterity in their manipulation of the swab, which renders the operation least offensive to the eye. But expectoration is absolutely necessary in both cases, and this is the most disgusting feature of dipping. Spit they must, and frequently; and thus, alternately spitting and dipping, the victims of a loathsome habit spend their agreeable pastime.

Some may be reluctant to believe that a practice, so senseless and disgusting, has grown to be, in any measure, common in a refined community, but the fact is true.—We are glad that it does not prevail to any very great extent out of the State of North Carolina. The quantity of Scotch snuff used in that State is appalling. We are informed by a subscriber in North Carolina that one of the largest tobacco houses in Baltimore ships more of that article to the port of Newbern than to all the South besides. The same person also encloses a slip recently published in this paper, noticing the death of a woman in Arkansas, caused by swallowing the juice of tobacco while snuff dipping, and remarks, from his observation, that the amount of suffering caused by the practice is very great.—Whether the use of tobacco in this form be more pernicious than chewing, we have no means of ascertaining. Both are often productive of injurious results to the body and mind. That females, naturally so averse to its use in any shape, should acquire such an appetite for it, is as surprising as it is lamentable.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Rather Greedy.

A scene occurred at our depot, writes a Missouri friend, the other day, which, for cool impudence, I have seldom seen paralleled. I was standing there on the arrival of the St. Louis packet, when a gentleman came up and addressed a man, standing close by me, and evidently a stranger to him, with the common western question,

"Do you use tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," he graciously replied, and producing a plug of the hugest dimensions he handed it to the applicant, who, taking out his knife, cut off about one fifth of it, with the observation:

"There's tobacco enough for any man, ain't there?"

"Well, I should think there was," was the indignant reply.

"Very well, you take it, then," he coolly observed, and handing him the small piece, put the plug in his pocket and walked away.

☞We hope our London agent will send a copy of the following to the author of 'Love me Little, Love me Long." It is a remarkable bit of verbal twistification:

"A tall Western girl, named Short, long loved a certain big Mr. Little—while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's short-comings. So Short meeting Long threatened to marry before long, which caused Long in a short time to marry Little.

Query.—Did tall Short love big Little less because big Little loved little Long?

Census of 1860--Questions to be Answered.

On the first of June the work of taking the census commences. It is desirable that it be taken with great accuracy, and to enable the assistant Marshals who will be engaged in the performance of this duty to have their work well done, it has been suggested that the publication of the questions necessary for all heads of families to answer, would be of great benefit. By this course the requirements of the law will become known, and the answers can be written down and be ready for the Marshal when he calls, thus saving time and securing accuracy. With this view we have obtained the following list of the questions to be answered, and if the Press of the State of all parties will publish it, we think the population and resources of Ohio will make a much better appearance than they otherwise would. To write down answers to these questions will only occupy a short time, and having his household about him to aid and assist, the head of the family will be able to make a much more correct statement than would be the case in a hurried interview with an officer.

In the first place, it is necessary to write down the name of every person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1860, was in the family:

The age of each, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto.

Profession, occupation or trade of each Male person over 15 years of age.

Value of Real Estate owned.

Place of birth, naming the State, Territory or country.

Married within the year.

Attended school within the year.

Persons over 20 years of age that cannot read or write.

Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, id-

Name of owner, agent or manager of the iotic, pauper, or convict.

farm.

Number of improved acres.

Number of unimproved acres.

Cash value of farm.

Value of farming implements and machinery.

Live stock on hand June 1st, 1860, viz., number of Horses, Mules and Asses, working Oxen, Milch Cows, and other cattle, Sheep and Swine.

Value of live stock.

Value of animals slaughtered during the year.

Produce during the year ending June 1st, 1860, viz: number bushels of Wheat, Rye, Indian Corn, Oats, Beans and Peas, Buckwheat, Barley, Irish Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes; pounds of Wool and pounds of Tobacco.

Value of Ore-land, products in dollars.

Gallons of Wine, value of Produce of Market Garden, pounds of Butter, pounds of Cheese, tons of Hay, bushels of Cloverseed, and bushels of Grass Seeds, pounds of Hops, pounds of Flax, bushels of Flax seed pounds of Maple Sugar, gallons of Molasses, pounds of Honey and Beeswax, value of home made manufactures.

Name of Corporation, Company or individual producing articles to the annual value of $500.

Name of business, manufacture or product.

Capital invested in real estate and personal estate in the business.

Raw material used, including fuel, viz: quantities, kind of motive power, machinery, structure or resource.

Average number of hands employed, viz: Male, Female, average monthly cost of Male labor, average monthly cost of Female labor.

Annual products, viz.: quantities, kinds, values.

Name of every person who died during the year ending June 1, 1860, whose usual place of abode was in the family, the age, sex and color, whether white black or mulatto, married or widowed, place of birth, naming the State, Territory or Country, the month in which the person died, profession, occupation or trade, disease or cause of death.

In addition to these there are a number of other questions, the answers to which can be obtained now even with little trouble.—It is hoped that every person who sees this request will, before the 1st day of June, make out the answers, and in case of absence, leave it with the family ready for the officer when he makes his appearance.

We have been requested to say that by the act of Congress "providing for the taking of the seventh and subsequent Census of the United States, and to fix the number of the members of the House of Representatives," &c., approved May 23d, 1850, provides (section 17) "that the Marshals and their assistants are hereby authorized to transmit through the Post Office any papers or documents relating to the Census, by writing thereon 'Official Business—Census,' and subscribing the same, with the addition to his name of Marshal or Assistant, as the case may be."

That no unnecessary delay may happen to communications addressed to the U. S. Marshal in reference to taking the Census, the press will do a service by the publication of these facts, for the information of Post Masters throughout the State.—*National Democrat*

☞It is well to leave something for those who come after us, as a gentleman said who threw a barrel in the way of a constable who was chasing him.

A Pun.—A facetious Boston editor announces that "*awl* is quiet in Lynn."

Great Men Always Know Each Other.

When Mr. Clay visited Hopkinsville, Kentucky, the first year of the administration of John Quincy Adams, to defend himself against the charge of "bargain, intrigue and corruption," he was called upon by his friends at a large and spacious saloon. Dr. H———, then of that place, and a great friend of Mr. Clay, was by his side presenting him to his numerous friends as they came forward. Presently the Doctor saw the tall form of the eccentric Governor Pittsur enter the door of the saloon. Instantly he embraced the opportunity to point him out to Mr. C., and then whispered to him that the tall man at the door "is Governor Pittsur, of Pond River, a most worthy friend of yours, whom you must know without an introduction; and you be certain, before he leaves, to wish that he may never have another invasion of squirrels." Thus posted, Mr. Clay stood his ground in the centre of the saloon, while the Governor, unconscious of the innocent trick, approached him by degrees, and saying, as he came.

"Don't introduce me to Mr. Clay; he will know me, and I shall know him; for great men know each other on sight."

The Governor looked everywhere but in the right place; asked, as he passed on:

"Where is the god-like man?" and saying, "I shall know him on sight; for great men like us never fail to know each other. I beg of you gentlemen, not to introduce us; we will know each other, though we have never see each other. You say he is in this room, good—I shall find him!" and away he stalked toward the place where Mr. Clay stood.

Presently he drew himself to his loftiest height upon beholding Mr. Clay, and eyed him for some time in unutterable admiration. Mr. Clay stepped forward with his blandest smile, and sweetest voice, and exclaimed:

"How are you, Governor Pittsur of Pond River? I am rejoiced to see you."

"Hear that!" said the Governor; "didn't I tell you that he would know me, and that Pittsur would know him? Yes, yes, gentlemen, he is the greatest man that lives!"

After cordially shaking hands, and telling a few of his happy jokes, Mr. Clay said,

"My dear Governor, I wish that you may live a thousand years, that health may abound throughout your wide domain, and that you may never have another invasion of squirrels."

"Bless me!" said the Governor, "did you hear that? How did he know that my people lost their entire crop of corn last year by squirrels? Bless my soul, he knows everything! Wonderful! wonderful! I always told you he was the greatest man in the world—didn't I, boys."

And the Governor left in a state of perfect admiration of the great statesman.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Company Manners.

A well-bred man has always the same manners at home and in society, and what is bad in the former, is only worse in the latter. It can never be pardonable to swagger and lounge, nor to carry into even the family circle the actions proper to the dressing-room. Even where familiarity has nothing shocking in itself, it attacks the respect due to the society of others, whoever they may be, and presents the danger of a further breach of it. From familiarity to indecency is but one step. Thus no part of the dress, not a shoe-string even, should be arranged in the presence of ladies. The Hindoos, remarkable for the delicacy of their manners, would not allow kissing, scratching, pinching, or lying down, to be represented on the stage, and at least the last three should never be permitted in a mixed society of men and women. There are attitudes which are a transition from ease to familiarity, and should never be indulged.—A man may cross his legs in the present day, but should never stretch them apart.—To wipe the forehead, gape, yawn, and so forth, are only a shade less obnoxious than the American habit of expectoration.

A Colored Divine.

A negro preacher, who, like some other preachers, was in the habit of using big words, but did not always succeed in getting hold of the right one, made a funny mistake once. His text was, "Broad is the road that leadeth to death, and many there be who go there; but narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be who take it."

"Beloved brudders, thar be two roads, ebery body goes in one or odder of 'em; thar's one road, and dat am de broad road, and dat leads right down to damnation, and a great many goes in it; but dar am anudder road, an' dat am de narrer road, dat leads straight up to perdition."

"If dat's de case," said an excited colored brother in the congregation, "dis nigga cuts for de woods!"

☞"I say, Higgins," said a fellow to that aspiring but as yet unappreciated tragedian, "I met a rich old gentleman in the city who declared he would give a hundred pounds to see you perform Hamlet."

"You don't say so!"

"Fact, I assure you; and what's more, I'm positively certain that the old chap meant it.

"By Jove, then, it's a bargain," Higgins cried, "I'll play it for my benefit. But who is he?"

"Ah, to be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a *blind man.*" Higgins never spoke to the wretch again.